

God Too Awaits Light

Ram Krishna Singh



Cholla Needles
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The anthologies/collections include:

The River Returns (R.K.Singh), Bareilly: Prakash Book Depot, 2006; *Sexless Solitude and Other Poems* (R.K. Singh), Bareilly: Prakash Book Depot, 2009; *Sense and Silence: Collected Poems* (R.K.Singh), Jaipur: Yking Books, 2010; *New and Selected Poems Tanka and Haiku* (Ram Krishna Singh), New Delhi: Authors Press, 2012; *Fire Pearls 2: Short Masterpieces of Love and Passion* (ed. M.Kei), Maryland: Keibooks, 2013; *SenSexual: A Unique Anthology*, Vol.I (ed. Susan Meyer), USA: SenSexual Press, 2013; *I Am No Jesus and Other Selected Poems, Tanka and Haiku* (Ram Krishna Singh), Iași: Editura StudIS, 2014; and *You Can't Scent Me and Other Selected Poems* (Ram Krishna Singh), New Delhi: Authors Press, 2016.

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DEDICATION

I am indebted to r soos for his support of my haiku and tanka. I dedicate this book to him.

–R.K. Singh

God Too
Awaits Light





The wings of my thought
are too short to climb God's height
or blue deeps of peace:
I stand on the edge of
earth's physicality



elements clack
in the small house shudder
the harp and strings



I don't know how
the bones grow in the womb
still in darkness
the heartbeats pronounce
the balance of nature



look for body's love--
the mystery song echoes
some truths not spoken



the mind creates
withdrawn to its own pleasures
a green thought
behind the banyan tree
behind the flickering lust



painting the glow
in the green forest
unseen fingers



how to weigh the breath
the flame the soul or the ash
the body conceals:
I can't turn my inside out
nor know life's weight when lifeless



each death a passage
to surprise the dead—
awareness matters



between earth and sky
it disappears, one with
elements, quiet
there's no way to know the thread
or its mechanism that binds



the heart's rhythm:
dust smells beneath the feet
above the head



secures life now or
beyond what if I can't feel
the weight of the color
on the leaves on the tree maybe
shrinking into itself



measure wisdom
to unknow, now lower gaze
and look within



sexless meditation
in the darkest of hours
negotiate peace
with self and rest even if
I exist in my suffering



flickers of peace
hide god in running brook:
love in nudity



I can't awaken
nor can I rise from the ash
to be my real self
I am still lost in meanness
no third eye could locate



moistened eyes
draw me near divine
for a while



unknowable
the soul's pursuit hidden
by its own works:
the spirit's thirst, the strife
the restless silence, too much



my bedroom
dust-covered crucifix
still time



on the prayer mat
the hands raised in *vajrasan*
couldn't contact God—
the prayer was too long and
the winter night still longer



hidden
in the cave of the heart
little fire



hiding helplessness
in the luxury of prayers
I raise a wall
a babel of deception
through cocktail of drug and desire



who sees the smoke
of the thumb-sized flame
the body burns



I can't know her
from the body, skin or curve:
the perfume cheats
like the sacred hymns chanted
in hope, and there's no answer



rising godward
prayers on the waving
incense stick smoke



plodding away at
season's conspiracies
life has proved untrue
with God an empty word
and prayers helpless cries



play the seasons:
the thirst is ever new
and blissful too



discourse on heaven
and after-life pleasures
is self-bullying
to live without meaning
midst searches for the lost



half-fleshed faces
track from behind the window:
rawness of journey



little candles fail
to illumine the deity
or golden dome
in the valley darkness reigns
and god too awaits light



lying listless
on withered creeper
a golden bird



so inciting
the hell of cyber world
they forget to pray
and multiply their pain
corroding consciousness



wiping his face
under the umbrella
an old man with books



they can't close their eyes
to the images I brew
for burying secrets
against a dusty mirror
against God's hidden errors



in bed the body
its own antidote if itched
for love wasted sex



it doesn't matter—
whining or whinging in sleep
is part of crazy
nature in race with itself
and god a convenience



no prayer helps
trust shrinks life without love
time's running out



the cocktail of drink
drug and meditation—
nightly yelps
tease unshared guilt
the hell of silence



frightened
of my muddy feet
god in temple



unable to see
beyond the nose he says
he meditates
and sees visions of Buddha
weeping for us



hanging
door protector—
Buddha



the whole night they blare
senseless mantras to arouse
gods and keep mortals
from sleep without caring how
they hurt the old, sick and child



restlessness of night
now frightens the morning sun
I can't even breathe



psalms or no psalms
workers of iniquity
shoot their arrows
with praising lips and god
flees to see their shrewd schemes



vultures waiting for
the remains of sacrifice
on the temple tree



the nightly ghosts crowd
my mind's passage to forge
gods' names in disguise
I fail to scan the face
of thought and life in the dark



knocking emptiness
I cross the valleys within
now stand at stone gate



they don't sing praises
with understanding if they knock
the door will open:
love compels descent of divine
in white silence reigns spirit



sunrise
behind the temple
cloud's edge



it's prayer to sink
into her flesh and bury
myself in her breast
to escape the faithless hands
that never became mother



fingers feel
decaying fireflies
in lamplight



stains of dried dewy
tears on the eyelids tell of
the load on her mind:
clothed in spring the willow twigs
reveal the changed relation



perfume of wine—
remembering the bouquet
she gave me once



locked in the shadows
of unrolled curtains her love
in the lone boudoir—
she plays tunes on the violin
flowers fade at the window



awake
alone on the housetop
a sparrow



she senses all things
changing as she passes through
the city again:
should I leave the old house or
lie in the grave before death



prayer book
covering the glass—
his last drink



at the river
she folds her arms and legs
resting her head
upon her knees and sits
as an island



on the river's bank
his soul is lighted for peace—
lantern in the sky



is it her quietus
that she roars in herself
like a sea
waves upon waves
leaps upon herself?



unable to map
on the face where her pain ends
and mine begins



the wind lifts
her curved nudity
in the water curtain
I touch the strings that whisper
love in each falling drop



caressing
her pregnant belly—
water lily



shaped like a bird
a drop of water lands
on her breast:
my breath jumps to kiss it
before her pelvic flick



the morning sun
fondling with tender fingers
the red roses



gods couldn't change the rhythm
of the body and its needs:
erotic scars stick
after three decades love waves
tense the flesh and rock the night



tangle together
flames of a double lamp
on the terrace



before the foamy
water could sting her vulva
a jelly fish passed
through the crotch making her shy—
the sea whispered a new song



a drop embedded
in the half-opened bud—
winter morning



swirling spiral
of her skirt spills tides of dream
and memory:
I breathe fire in the dance
forgetting bends and twists



after the tumble
buried between the sheets
leftover passion



when I wanted to change
seats my friend said she can
only if the door's locked
the light out and her mom
in another city



in naked dress
she plays hide and seek—
sizzling summer



she hears the voice
of unrealized bliss in
the coos of koel
at the window sill this evening
rains love and delight



her fingers push
the roots into the earth—
touch-me-not



when I inhale in
your mouth and exhale stroking
hair or caressing
I ride you into joy and
make you hail morning like earth



on her back
write with hair a light poem—
weight of love



life limits between
whence the sun rises and where
it goes to relax:
joys of fleeting moment
I see Aditi in your eyes



from the peepal
swirling rain drops—
palms open



when I have no home
I seek refuge in the cage
of her heart and close
my eyes to see with her nipples
the tree that cared to save from sun



a sleeping snake
curled between the eggs—
layers of leaves



the smile you weave splits
the sun I lose my direction
in clouds that cover
the banks darkening the white
of the lake moon kissed



the sky
without a shadow
on the earth



in the forest of her hair
my finger searches
the little pearl of blood
that stirs the hidden waters
and contains my restlessness



lying in her nightie
she wipes the stray raindrops
settled on her cheeks



drinking evening star
blue green patterns before eyes
no meditation
no god visits to forgive
the sinning soul in solitude



spread on the white sheet
fragments of my sin deride
tainted threshold



exhausted she sleeps
unaware of my presence
this warm night carefree
I croon my spring song alone
and fill the void with new dreams



musky perfume
open unsleeping eyes—
drowsy sweetness



as I repose in
the wrinkles of her face
I feel her crimson
glow in my eyes her holy
scent inside a sea of peace



in silence
one with the divine will
growing within



love is the efflux
from her body spreading
parabolic hue—
enlightens the self I merge
in her glowing presence



a red globe
rises at dawn:
waving corn



love's spirit descends
and melds into her body
lending it new life:
I'm amazed how the unknown
becomes one with her beauty



sea waves
roll from far away
white peaks



the power goes off
suddenly summer heat chokes
in bed sleepless she turns
undoing a hook or two
of her tight blouse



love tickles
with erect pistil:
hibiscus



on the roof top
she waits for her man with
moon cake and lantern:
a flash of silver showers
on the mist-shrouded figure



love making
he melts into her
time stands still



hearing him talk dung
she doubts his integrity
and curses him for
emitting lava from mouth:
I regret stomach upset



her lonely grief
melts in the candle wax
evening's dark floor



I thought I would make
tea for her but she was sleeping
I didn't wake up
our back faced each other
once again cold birthday



the wax dips
down the long candle—
a soft hum



after a tiff
lying under the same blanket
two of us stare
the peeping moon and turn
with glee to each other



her smile
arrival of spring
at the bower



the flirtation ends
with a tiring sleepless night—
summer solstice
no use telling myself again
things would change this time next year



travelling back
from the waves of bliss
a foam-leap



wrinkles on the skin
remind me of time's passage
year by year travelled
long distances renewing
spirit and waving goodbye



crowded streets
moving among the years
wretched faces



ghosts rise to mate
in moonlight tear the tombs
frighten with fingers
rhino horns rock the centre
granite sensation



between the streetlight
and window pane howling
a wolfish shadow



I fear the demons
rising from my body
at midnight crowding
the mind and leading the soul
to deeper darkness



flowing darkness
consumes shadow of shadows—
midnight sensation



sleep the night with
desires wrapped in blanket—
spring in the eyes
gods couldn't change the rhythm
of the body and its needs



hitching up the skirt
she fills her pockets with
unripe mangoes



dreams puzzling
smallness of waking
I can't live
the child's circumcision
promise of happiness



twilight glimmer
crevices and corners
dawning silence



awake in dream time
I look for the candle—
love's invitation
lighting up in the dark
and sing the body's song



drifting
in the night's silence
moon's shadow



a moment of love
and long silence for years:
from dream to nightmare
again fear grips my soul
I sense her presence around



living again
fountain on the hilltop—
divine light



short nights and long days
sleep loss rustles a friction
echoing in bed
the cycle of cravings
over and over again



hidden between the sheets
my smothered senses—
salted honey



layers of dust thicken
on the mirror water makes
the smuts prominent:
I wipe and wipe and yet
the stains stay like sin



time moves slow
in bed the game of flesh
sweet suavity



I love her undress
the light with eyes that spring
passion with kisses
she leaves her name again
for my breath to pass through



in the bath
bare soul together—
after glow



it's not ageing
but eternal delight
you under me
smooth belly nude necking
slow stroking parting flesh



eternity
too short to quench
love



the beads of sweat
on her breast do not touch
her years or face
in candle light her shadow
is more restrained than my thought



touching her tattoos
in the darkness of mirror
moon from the window



my voice
brown like autumn
crushed in noises I can't
understand days pass in colors
buried



peeling paint
from the drawing room—
shadows flicker



sin-maker or
sin-eater both author
the snake in sea
swimming unending love waves
in colors that cloud the eyes



she undresses in
dim light perfumes her body
fills room with herself



a mist covers
the valley of her body
leaves memories
like the shiver of cherry
in dreamy January



stoops to set
pleats of her saree—
mid August



my hand
held out in the dark
remained empty:
no one reached it to give
the joy of the meeting hands



a crescent
in the western horizon—
missing the moon



a tidal wave
touches the shore to wipe
my naked footprints
and leaves behind some shells
pebbles and memories



spread on white sheet
fragments of my sin deride
tainted threshold



watching the waves
with him she makes an angle
in contemplation:
green weed and white foam break
on the beach with falling mood



her name
written on the sand
a wave breaks



crazy these people
don't know how to go down
with the swirl and up
with the whirl but play
in the raging water



the half moon
on her neck reminds of love
before departure



they couldn't hide the moon
in water or boat but now
fish moonlight from sky:
I watch their wisdom and smile
why I lent my rod and bait



setting sun
leaves behind sparkle
on the waves



a cloud-eagle
curves to the haze
in the west
skimming the sail
on soundless sea



candling in vein
leave marks of teeth on her neck
utter holiness



awaiting the wave
that'll wash away empty hours
and endless longing
in this dead silence at sea
I pull down chunks of sky



night's passage
on the beach with her—
silky sting



heaven is
the frisson of union
with fishwife
behind the boulders
on sea beach



fingers grope
the leaking pulp
moist lips



the chains multiply
wrap life in the skin of water
crying quits to an acomous sky:
the mute soul suffers
the oozing filth



after the party
empty chairs in the lawn—
new moon and I



weaving no web
a dark fishing spider
mates in the creek
and curls up hanging from the twat
in one-shot deal



smell a snake
in the wet grass—
her smile



the lips in her eyes
and long hours in the mouth
no moist secret
between us to reveal:
now our back to each other



float over the hill
the autumn circle of smoke—
her long hair streaming



tears dry up
leaving no marks where her pain
ends and mine begins
on the face makeup damp
with aching sweat and cold sighs



aged sensations
lord over memory:
deeper sorrows



the mirror swallowed
my footprints on the shore
I couldn't blame the waves
the geese kept flying over the head
the shadows kept moving afar



swimming with the wave
stuck in the loop in water
wisps of memory



seeking shelter
under the golden wings
of angel Michael
a prayer away now
whispers the moon in cloud



locked between
my bed and quilt
December chill



the tenuity
of her story like hearing
my own confession
without the priest I wonder
if I know my true voice

ABOUT THE POET

Ram Krishna Singh, born, brought up and educated in Varanasi, is a retired university professor whose main fields of interest consist of Indian English writing, especially poetry, and English for Specific Purposes, especially for science and technology. He has taught English language skills to UG and PG students of earth and mineral sciences and engineering for about four decades.

He has authored more than 160 research articles, 170 book reviews and 42 books, including *Savitri: A Spiritual Epic* (1984), *Indian English Writing: 1981-1985: Experiments with Expression* (1987, rept 1991), *Using English in Science and Technology* (1988, rept 2000, 2010), *Recent Indian English Poets: Expressions and Beliefs* (1992), *Psychic Knot: Search for Tolerance in Indian English Fiction* (1998), *New Zealand Literature: Some Recent Trends* (1998), *Multiple Choice General English for UPSC Competition* (2001), *Communication in English: Grammar and Composition* (2003), *Sri Aurobindo's Savitri: Essays on Love, Life and Death* (2005), *Teaching English for Specific Purposes: An Evolving Experience* (2005), *Voices of the Present: Critical Essays on Some Indian English Poets* (2006), *English as a Second Language: Experience into Essays* (2007), *English Language Teaching: Some Aspects Recollected* (2008), *Mechanics of Research Writing* (2010), and *Writing Editing and Publishing: A Memoir* (2016).

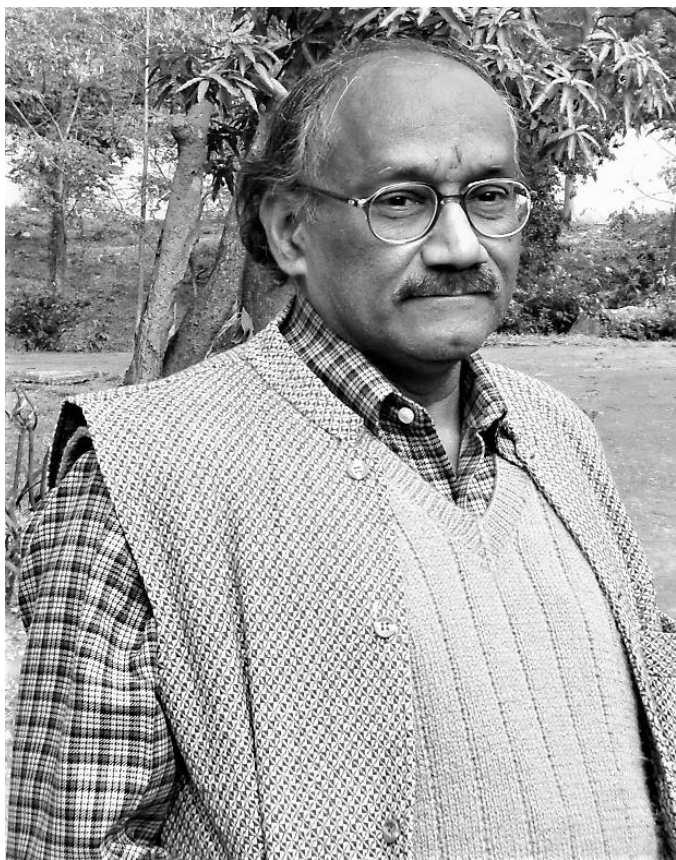
His published poetry collections include *My Silence* (1985), *Above the Earth's Green* (1997), *My Silence and Other Selected Poems* (1996), *The River Returns* (2006), *Sexless Solitude and Other Poems* (2009), *Sense and Silence: Collected Poems* (2010), *New and Selected Poems Tanka and Haiku* (2012), *I Am No Jesus and Other Selected Poems, Tanka and Haiku* (2014), and *You Can't Scent Me and Other Selected Poems* (2016). Some of his poems have been

translated into French, Spanish, Romanian, Albanian, Crimean Tatar, Arabic, Farsi, Russian, Irish, Chinese, Japanese, Serbian, Croatian, Slovene, Bulgarian, Italian, German, Portuguese, Greek, Esperanto, Hindi, Punjabi, Kannada, Tamil, and Bangla.

His poetry has been explored for doctoral and postgraduate studies. Over 80 research articles, and four full length books, namely *New Indian English Poetry: An Alternative Voice* (ed. I.K. Sharma, 2004), *R.K. Singh's Mind and Art: A Symphony of Expressions* (ed. Rajni Singh, 2011), *Critical Perspectives on the Poetry of R.K.Singh, D.C.Chambial and I.K.Sharma* (ed. K.V. Dominic, 2011) and *Anger in Contemporary Indian English Poetry* (Vijay Vishal, 2014), present a comprehensive picture of his creativity since the 1970s. Professor Singh's biobibliography appears in some 35 publications in the UK, USA, India and elsewhere.

A member of several organizations and editorial boards, Professor Singh is a recipient of many awards and honours, including an Honorary LittD from the World Academy of Arts & Culture, Taiwan, 1984, Fellowship of the International Writers and Artists Association, USA, 1988, Michael Madhusudan Award, Kolkata, 1994, Ritsumeikan University Peace Museum Award, Kyoto, 1999, Certificate of Honour and Nyusen Prize, Kumamoto, 2000, 2008, Universal Peace Ambassador, 2006, Lifetime Achievement Award, Chennai, 2009, distinguished membership of the IAPWA, Albania, 2012, Prize of Corea Literature, Korea, 2013, Special Award Diogen, 2013, Nazar Look Prize for Poetry, Romania, 2013, Nomination for Pushcart Prize, 2013, 2014, Naji Naaman's Literary Prize, 2015, Aichi Prefecture Board of Education Award, Japan, 2015, and Ambassador of Naaman pour la Culture, Lebanon, 2016.

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